From Maine to the Mississippi.

FROM MAINE TO THE MISSISSIPPI

BY “YANKEE GIRL.”

In Memory of the Author.

Hingham, July 7, 1883.

Dear Miss Edna:—

I have read your letters to the Oxford Democrat with care, with a view, at your request, to criticise them. This I would certainly do with great frankness, but I assure you there is next to nothing in them to criticise except favorably.

I can certainly pay no greater compliment to your writing. It does you very great credit. In such compositions there are three requisites : interesting subject matter, interesting treatment of it, and a bright, attractive style. Yours have them, all. You have chosen subjects direct interest, your treatment, is intelligent, like the conversation of one who conveys information and groups events and scenes and incidents in a natural and lively manner ; and your style is clear and good. It runs in an easy way ; there is a spice of humor; there is no extravagance of fine writing ; yet all is picturesque.

Very Truly, JOHN D. LONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

FROM MAINE TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

The morning of the twenty-ninth of May, 1882, dawned damp and forbidding; the rain of the previous night was debating the question of a longer stay, while we, with our face set westward, determined to leave the clouds to their own devices, so we but escaped their depressing influence. By afternoon we were snugly settled in the drawing- room of a “Pullman” and looking out upon the varied scenery along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway. The clouds were gathering up their skirts and gliding silently away through the defiles of the mountains, leaving beautiful rainbow visions, but quite concealing the summits of Washington and other noted heights, here and there upon whose sides the winter's snow yet lingered, though wild cherries were in blossom by the roadside. Before nightfall we had made the acquaintance of other New Englanders westward-bound, and felt less alone in the world.

Up at daybreak the next morning, and on the alert for sight-seeing, we need no guidebook to tell us we have left the States. The dreary little Canadian villages with their French signs and their 10 stone churches, each surmounted by a cross, and surrounded by a veritable churchyard, in which many mounds are marked simply by a cross of wood painted white or black, are evidence enough of the change from Protestant New England, did not the absence of our little district schoolhouses, and the strong contrast between the houses of the working classes and the aristocracy, emphasize the same fact.

We enter Montreal in the early morning, by way of the Victoria Bridge, which here spans the St. Lawrence. This largest of all tubular bridges is indeed a stupendous structure; over one mile and three-quarters in length, it has twenty-four spans, the largest three hundred and thirty feet long. The tubes are said to contain nine thousand tons of iron, having a

total surface of thirty-two acres. We catch such meager glimpses of the river that it scarce seems like seeing it at all, and we prefer to take our chances upon lattice-work bridges with their unobstructed views. It is so tantalizing to know that just outside the tube which incloses us, the beautiful water is dancing in the morning sun, or reflecting the budding trees and grassy banks of the new springtime.

If you were ever in Montreal you will appreciate the shudder with which we recall the Grand Trunk railway station in that city. The waiting-rooms are 11 small and dingy, and so crowded with emigrants that the atmosphere is unfit for human lungs ; sharp as is the outside air, we have not the courage to spend hours, nor minutes even, indoors. Such lack of proper accommodations on the line of a great railroad, in one of the first commercial cities of the continent, is an outrage upon the traveling public.

To one fresh from the States, there is much of interest in this chief city of the British Provinces. We find it hard to realize its right to call itself either English or American; French names and signs, and Catholic churches and convents are numerous; and more than once in a two hours' drive we pass shop windows in which gaily decked images of the Savior and Virgin are exposed for sale. Dropping in at the celebrated cathedral of Notre Dame, said to be the finest church in America, we find ourselves at morning mass with some hundreds of devout Catholics. The magnificence of the interior, the profusion of images and lighted tapers, the gaily dressed priests and attendants, and the worshipers, scattered about in the vast building, bowing, crossing themselves, kneeling, rising again and counting their beads, in what appears such a confused and meaningless manner, give us more the impression of idol service in a heathen temple than of anything Christian. With heavy heart we 12 turn away, but only to visit another, smaller, yet elegant church where the crowd is so great we can only stand in the door of the vestibule and listen to strains of beautiful music, and ponder upon the superstition which, even in this nineteenth century, gives the Catholic church such a hold upon its devotees—for all of this was before seven o'clock of a working-day morning. We pass the Post-office with its massive granite columns, and other fine public buildings, and the Victoria and Nelson monuments in two

of the city squares, and drive toward Sherbrooke Street, the home of the aristocracy. On the way we meet a procession of nearly one hundred young ladies, walking two and two along the sidewalk ; all wear black dresses, with large veils of white lace thrown corner-wise over their heads, and held in place by wreaths of white flowers. With bowed heads, and prayer-books in their white-gloved hands, they are on their way to morning mass from a convent school near by. The long line is led by a priest and a teacher, and our driver tells us in broken English that they go in that way every morning. Sherbrooke Street, miles in length, contains many fine mansions with elaborate grounds, and we return to our dismal depot with the conviction that Montreal, in the bracing air and bright sunshine of a May morning, is a very pleasant city.

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Once more on our way, we notice with interest the exquisitely cared for gardens, which surround the very meanest huts in the little French hamlets. Much of the country is barren and uninteresting ; the horses, cattle and sheep have a half-starved look, and even the trees have a discouraged air, with their thin, leafless branches which appear to have been mercilessly blown in one direction all their lives. Occasionally the panorama changes, and swift-moving pictures of fertile meadows, fine farms and banks of trillium of a pure white or delicate pink like the inside of a shell, relieve the monotony outside our car windows; while within, a pretty little boy who lisps affords great amusement for his fellow-travelers, and great perplexity to his grandmother, by pouring forth a perfect torrent of questions. We thought we had seen inquisitive children, but here was a living, breathing interrogation point, which no amount of wheedling could divert.

Evening soon closes around us, but a full moon makes the landscape quite as attractive as did the glare of the sunlight. Here and there a gilded church spire flashes out from the surrounding gloom. Ere long we reach the shores of Ontario, and with warm wraps, betake ourselves to the rear platform of our sleeper, and for an hour enjoy the exhilarating influence of the. rapidly rushing train, which is 14 sixty minutes behind time, the frosty night air and the bright moonlight, reflected on the rippling surface of the lake. Toronto,

on the lake shore, is admiringly described to us by a native as the most charming of Canadian cities and the only one laid out in squares. It has made rapid growth and now has a population of one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

Morning finds us at Port Sarnia; and in the midst of a drizzling rain the cars are run on the boat and we move quietly across the bright green waters of the St. Clair River, and are once more in the United States, where our own postals are mailable. One of those little missives given to our gentlemanly conductor for mailing, discloses to us that he too is from Oxford County, and was formerly a student in Hebron Academy, and no little gossip over mutual friends follows.

From Port Huron our way lies along the track of the terrible forest fires of the previous year. Large trees fallen across each other at every angle raise their great roots high in the air, like grim, fantastic specters. Many tall trees are still standing with charred and blackened trunks and branches nearly gone. Here and there, as if to make the loneliness of the scene more real, a little log house stands bare and cold amid the ruin and the rain. After a little we emerge from this nightmare of desolation 15 into fields of waving grain, young orchards in full bloom and banks of lovely wild flowers, many of which are new to eastern eyes.

Escaped from the barren level of the Canadian landscape, the undulating, well wooded lands of Michigan are pleasant to behold, and the rich black soil explains the thrift everywhere apparent. The season is somewhat in advance of Maine—lilacs are in bloom and corn and potatoes are up.

Now we enter the region of magnificent maples, scattered over the fields, lining the fences, or massed in beautiful groves. Again our track lies beside long stretches of swampy land, now entirely submerged, and the tangled growth of trees and vines interlacing in every direction above the clear water gives quite a tropical air to the scene. Passing Lansing, we have a fine view of the State House of which Michigan people are pardonably proud.

The farther west we go the more do we who hail from New England feel the kinship of our common birth, which birth our eastern dialect reveals to those about us as their western origin is manifest to us by the same token. Crossing the northwestern corner of Indiana, we find South Bend a beautiful city, even as seen from car windows.

At last we are out upon the prairies, and new and strange they seem, stretching for miles an 16 unbroken level, scarcely a tree, never a fence, only the distant background of forest, and in the foreground waving grain or grass, or acres of newly cultivated soil, and such soil —black and fine and smooth as any floor—every foot of it apparently fit for the reception of the finest flower seed. Across this vast expanse we have a gorgeous sunset, very different from ours among the hills.

With the darkness come the lights and bustle of far-famed Chicago. Here we rest for a night, and are ready for a fresh start in the morning. Nearly all day we are still trending westward, past numberless prairie villages, past thatched-roofed houses, past long lines of young shade trees, where are the embryo streets of towns yet unbuilt, for wherever the country is not naturally well wooded, hundreds of trees have been planted.

Illinois is yet in advance of Michigan, for although they call the season late, the apple blossoms have disappeared, and snowballs and peonies are in bloom. The miles of hedge and the omnipresent windmill give a finishing touch of strangeness to to the scenery, and We begin to realize that we are in the “Great West.”

At Elgin we pass the State Insane Asylum, a large, handsome, stone building, finely located a little way from the city. Our track also lies close by the famous Elgin Watch Factory.

Afternoon brings us to the banks of the “Father of Waters,” and with a run of thirty miles down the eastern shore, we reach the little town of Albany, where kind friends and a warm welcome await us. Of this town and the river we will tell you in our next.

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NOTES FROM THE MISSISSIPPI SHORE.

Northwestern Illinois is somewhat hilly. These hills are mostly low, as we count hills, being the beginning of the bluffs which, with ever increasing height, stretch northward for hundreds of miles along the Mississippi.

The little town of Albany, where it was my good fortune to spend nearly six months, is charmingly located upon a group of these bluffs which rise from the water's edge, one above another, quite like terraces. The view of the river, with its well-wooded islands and rolling Iowa shore, is unsurpassed. The site is at once picturesque and healthful. Groves of oak line the hillsides and give a rich coloring to the landscape in autumn, and one involuntarily wonders that with so fine a location the town is no prettier. Like many western villages and some eastern ones as well, it has a straggling, disordered air.

The C. M. & St. P. Railroad, passing through the place, and the numerous' steamboats on the river make markets easily accessible.

The principal products of the surrounding country are hogs and corn. Speaking of hogs, it was with a feeling akin to terror that we first encountered 19 these animals in our daily walks. They run at large through that section, and it takes a New England woman some time to learn there is no necessity for crossing the street if she happen to meet a few of the dirty black creatures. They are as plentiful as hens, and since “familiarity breeds contempt,” we came at last to notice them as little as we would their feathered neighbors.

In spite of the drawbacks we have mentioned, and what town but has its drawbacks, Albany is fraught with pleasant memories. The people are kind and cordial, and the

river and country are interesting. A drive in almost any direction reveals fine farms whose beauty is enhanced by the deep green of the osage orange hedges which line the roadsides and divide the fields. Hedges are certainly more pleasing to the eye than are stone walls or rail fences. We remember a meadow around which willows had been planted thickly enough to form a hedge, and now they were become tall trees, and the effect of the graceful limbs and finely-cut foliage of delicate tint was beautiful. The rapid growth of trees in this rich soil is surprising, and the variety and abundance of the wild flowers is equally a wonder and a delight. We gathered great handfuls of some kinds that are only to be found in gardens at home, and of many others that were well worth cultivation. 20 While this is indeed a land of flowers, we sadly missed the graceful ferns which nestle in every nook and corner of New England but are quite rare here.

We also missed many familiar trees, notably our evergreens. We noticed but one native evergreen and that, though very pretty, was a stranger to us. There are no beeches and not as many elms as with us, and we do not remember to have seen birches. Oak and hickory abound, and the black walnut is cultivated to some extent. Small fruits are profitably grown for market, and since Clinton, Iowa, a very pretty city of ten thousand inhabitants, is but five miles distant and Chicago may be reached in a day, while the three cities of Moline, Rock Island and Davenport are scarcely more than thirty miles away, there is an ever-ready market for anything that may be raised. We tasted peaches of fine flavor grown here and home-grown sweet potatoes were to be had at the groceries. One enthusiastic cultivator showed us fig-trees in bearing, a banana-tree and a cotton plant. The tropical plants are taken up in the fall with a ball of earth upon their roots and kept in the cellar until spring.

George Eliot tells us that “it never rains roses,” but George Eliot was never in Albany, where every dooryard was a wilderness of roses, and every neighbor “remembered the stranger within her 21 gates,” and sent her each morning roses red and roses yellow, roses white and roses pink, until she wished that June might last forever.

The soil of the country being very fine, and lacking in gravel, the roads are seldom good. When wet they are badly cut up, and then the sun comes out and bakes them until every unevenness seems petrified. If they become dusty, they are little better, for the dust is as fine as flour and often several inches in depth.

Despite bad roads, however, the drives up and down the river bank are charming. A mile or two below town is the mouth of the Meredocia River, and here is the “happy hunting-ground” where wild ducks are plenty, and fish may be had for the angling, provided always that one offer tempting bait. This “'Docia” as it is familiarly called, may yet prove of value to the town, for of all the routes surveyed by government for a ship canal from the Mississippi to Chicago, the one entering the mouth of this river is pronounced most feasible.

Running parallel with the Mississippi, a mile below town, is a high ridge of land surmounted by a line of Indian mounds, from which many relics have been taken.

No account of Albany would be complete without mention of her prolonged twilights and of her beautiful sunsets, which travelers tell us rival those 22 of Italy. Be that as it may, certain it is that one may sit upon the hillside and drink in the glories of sky and water until they lose all thought of time and space, and seem to stand at the very gates of Heaven, only waking to realize that

That city's shining towers we may not see With our dim earthly vision, For Death, the silent warder, holds the key That opes those fields Elysian.

But sometimes when adown the western sky The fiery sunset lingers, Those golden gates swing inward noiselessly, Unlocked by angel fingers;

And while they stand a moment half ajar, Gleams from the inner glory Stream brightly through the azure vault afar, And half reveal the story.

Even while we gaze at the magnificent coloring, it fades and only dark cloud banks remain, and we remember with a shudder the tales they tell us of a terrible tornado that crossed the river just here, one June day twenty years ago, and in a few brief moments wrought such devastation that we cannot wonder that an ominous cloud still sends a thrill of terror through the stoutest heart.

Just opposite the town, hidden from sight among the islands, are the “Lakes,” five in number. Rowing across of a windy afternoon when the 23 whitecaps are running on the river, we enter these lakes and find them almost without a ripple.

Once within the encircling islands there is no apparent way of escape. On all sides are autumn- tinted leaves reflected in the clear water. The sun shines with true October glory, and the only sounds that break the stillness are the tinkling of the distant cow bells, the occasional whir and splash of a wild duck, the dip of the oars and now and then a merry laugh from our boating party. It would be a delight to float and dream for hours in such a place. But it was on practical purpose bent that we started, and so our boat is drawn ashore and we wander about in search of hickory nuts and bright leaves. While hickory-trees abound some earlier comer has robbed us of their fruit, and with empty baskets, but arms well filled with brilliant maple boughs and dresses as full of “beggar ticks” as ever a porcupine was of quills, we set out for home, sure that nothing will ever again tempt us to land upon an island while “ticks” are in season.

Returning we cross in the wake of a passing steamer, and our little skiff rises and falls in the heavy swell until we can almost fancy ourselves at sea.

One more reminiscence and we will have done for the present. How many of your readers ever saw 24 the witches on Hallow E'en ? We did not see but most certainly heard them at their pranks, on the night of October 31, 1882, and were told that in Albany they always hold high carnival on this their anniversary night, and many are the tricks they play with all things portable. Nor that alone, startling revelations of the future were granted at the

solemn midnight hour to certain inquiring maidens—revelations that on the following day were but half confided to our ears by the blushing girls, but we trust to time to tell the rest.

A cool July day finds us *en route* from Albany, Illinois, to Moline, some thirty miles or more to the south. As our train moves rapidly down the Mississippi shore, we have fine views of the river and the Iowa towns and farms, as well as of those on the Illinois side. Broad acres of winter wheat are ripened and ready for the—reaper's sickle, we had thought to say—but remember that the sickle is a thing of the past, and a reaper is no longer a man but a machine. Several pretty villages lie along our path, and one, how shall we describe it—the streets, the houses, the men and even the children are so begrimed that we scarce need to be told that the mining of soft coal is the sole industry of the place.

Moline, mainly built on the narrow level between the river and the bluffs, is a pleasant little city of 25 eleven thousand inhabitants. Many shade trees and gardens give the town a rural air. The view from the bluffs, on which are some of the finest residences, is wide and beautiful, embracing Moline, Rock Island, both town and island of that name, and Davenport on the opposite shore.

The place has a good public library, one room in which is used as a museum, numerous churches, including a Swedish Lutheran which is claimed to be the finest church edifice west of Chicago, and a very fine public school building. A dam, reaching from the shore to an island in the river, furnishes a water-power said to be equal to the combined water-power of New England, and a large number of factories are constantly in operation manufacturing steam-engines, pumps, plows and many other articles. The city of Rock Island, three miles away, may be reached by horse-cars. On the way we pass a college maintained by Swedish Lutherans, who also have a theological school near.

Rock Island, the county-seat of Rock Island County, is a great railroad center, and is largely engaged in manufactures. A bridge here crosses the Mississippi, but we go over by ferry to Davenport which claimes to be the largest and we would venture is the most

finely situated of Iowa cities. Built on the top and slope of a steep bluff and commanding an extensive view of Rock Island and 26 the river, and surrounded by a fine agricultural region, there is little left to be desired in the way of location. In a long ride past fine residences and beautiful grounds, Davenport seemed to us a very desirable place of residence. There are many handsome churches and other public buildings, and the manufactures are considerable.

“What's in a name !” we exclaim with a sigh, as, passing along one of the city streets, our eye falls upon a sign which reads, “George Washington, Whitener, Wall-colorer, Kalsominer & House-cleaner.”

Out in the country two or three miles, stands the Iowa Orphans' Home, an institution originally designed for soldiers' orphans, but now admitting others. The superintendent and matron, the latter of whom, by the way, is a Maine woman, were absent in Colorado at the time of our visit, but Miss Pickard, the lady temporarily in charge, very kindly showed us over the building. The “Headquarters” is a long, low wooden structure, surrounded by a veranda, and containing the offices, sleeping and dining-rooms of the officers, a sewing-room for the girls, where are sewing machines and cutting tables, and where the girls are taught to cut and make their own and the boys' clothing, a good library from which books are issued to the children every Saturday, and a reception-room with an organ 27 and piano, on the latter of which one of the girls was practicing as we entered. Great piles of stereoscopic views on the table in this room bore marks of much handling by little fingers, and a large kaleidoscope, various curiosities, and the pretty pictures on the walls make the place seem very home-like. This headquarters building is by no means adequate to the needs of the Home, and is soon to be replaced by a large brick edifice, the plans for which are already drawn.

All the other buildings are of brick, and include a handsome schoolhouse, a dining-hall, where are also the kitchen and pantries, a laundry, bakery, and the cottages, ten in number, which are the homes of the little ones. More cottages are in process of erection,

and a fine chapel and nursery are projected. Crossing the grounds where some of the boys are weeding flower-beds, we enter the pleasant dining-hall just in time to see one hundred and eighty-five boys and girls from three to fifteen years of age, file in by twos and take their places at the table. They sit upon stools, and the gingham sun-bonnets of the girls, and the straw hats of the boys lie under the stools of their respective owners during the meal. Each table is occupied by the children from one cottage, and presided over by the lady who has charge of that cottage. The children seat themselves sideways at 28 the table, facing the superintendent, but at a touch of the bell they turn with the precision of soldiers, and each little head is bowed upon the hand while the blessing is asked. Another touch of the bell and one hundred and eighty-five little tin cups that had been turned down upon the plates are removed, and the plates turned right side up with a quick, sharp clatter. Each plate is soon filled with steaming soup and the nicest of white bread, and each cup with cold water, and the real business of the occasion begins. The soup is followed by string-beans and abundance of bread and syrup. Their diet list, which we saw, includes different food for each day in the week ; and their healthy, happy faces told a story of kindness and plenty to which they would be strangers but for this merciful provision of the State.

From the dining-hall we go through the kitchen and pantries, inspecting closets and drawers, and find every thing as convenient as possible and the pattern of neatness. The shelves of the bread pantry are filled with the lightest and whitest of loaves, of which they use more than one hundred per day. After dinner we visit some of the cottages, each of which will accommodate twenty children. Entering the home of the youngest girls we find ourselves in a pleasant sitting-room with a carpet, couch, little rocking-chairs, and a 29 generous share of playthings. Off this room are the sleeping apartment of the lady in charge, and two closets, one containing the every-day clothing of the children, and the other their Sunday suits. Back of these are the bath-room and the dormitory, the latter a long room with ten little French bed-steads with their white spreads and pillows, all scrupulously clean. The boys' cottages are the exact counterpart of those for girls. About

the grounds are swings and other attractions, and merry shouts are to be heard in all directions.

The Home now shelters two hundred children. When first founded, the institution contained four or five hundred soldiers' orphans. So many in but one State who must otherwise have been unprovided for! How far beyond human conception is the whole terrible cost of the Rebellion ! The children are allowed to remain in the Home until sixteen years of age, when they are expected to care for themselves. Meanwhile they have been taught to work, the girls by taking their respective turns at table and chamber work, sweeping, dusting, etc., and the boys in other ways; and doubtless some of them are better fitted for life than if reared by their parents.

Rock Island, from which the city takes its name, is a heavily timbered island of about one thousand acres, belonging to the United States. It was 30 purchased by Government during the civil war as a place of confinement for rebel prisoners, sixteen thousand of whom were at one time upon the island.

The magnificent roads traversing the island in every direction, as well as the breastwork around the eastern end, are the work of these prisoners.

In a small inclosure which we passed we were told there lay three thousand rebel dead, most of whom were swept away by small-pox, and were buried in trenches. There is a national cemetery upon the island, pleasantly located, and in yet another spot sleeps Colonel Rodman, the first commandant of the island. A handsome monument marks his last resting-place, which is guarded by two Rodman guns of which he was the inventor.

The island is now used as the central armory of the United States, and contains an arsenal, barracks for soldiers stationed there, a hospital, the handsome residences of the officers, and nearly a dozen immense workshops, built of the cream-colored stone which abounds along the Mississippi. These shops, some of which are already in operation, are run by the Moline water-power, and are intended for the manufacture of everything

needed for army use. Two large gun yards contain hundreds of dismounted guns carefully laid upon long lines of support, and the whole surrounded by a low line of cannon balls, piled with mathematical 31 precision. Many of these guns are trophies of war, others were manufactured upon the island. Just outside one of the yards was a large number of old rebel gun carriages. The houses occupied by the officers and their families are built of limestone, like the workshops, but it has become gray by exposure, and in many places is covered to the very eaves with a luxuriant growth of woodbine. The many shade trees and the labyrinth of lovely drives in every direction, makes the place almost an earthly Paradise, could one forget that war past, or war possible in the future, was the occasion of it all. Wild flowers nod in the tall grass, and gray squirrels are as plenty as robins in spring-time, and as fearless, for no one is allowed to molest them.

On a meadow in a distant part of the island, soldiers are making hay, and but for the guns that guard the western shore and an occasional sentry- box, one might drive for miles around the out- skirts without a hint of the belligerent character of the place.

Regulations are very strict—visitors are not allowed to speak to the workmen, to step on the grass, or to pick up a pebble or a flower—and it was only by the kindness of friends that we obtained a pass which admitted us to the island.

The railroad bridge connecting the cities of Rock 32 Island and Davenport crosses one corner of this island.

The first frame building erected in this part of the country was put up upon Rock Island in 1816. It is still standing, a two-storied, weather-beaten structure, now carefully preserved by Government. It was first used as a dwelling, but the inmates, driven away by Black Hawk, fled to the mainland, and there built the first hut upon the present site of Moline. The island house was afterwards recaptured from the Indians and used as a garrison, and at the close of hostilities was converted into a mill to which the French and Indians used to bring their corn for grinding.

Not far from the old mill stands a tiny white house, also of historic interest, as the home of Davenport, the founder of the city which bears his name. Left alone here for a night, in his old age, he was cruelly murdered for his money. It is some satisfaction to know that the three men who committed the crime were afterwards brought to justice.

It was with abundant food for thought that we left Rock Island, in whose history there have been so many and strange vicissitudes, but whose latter days bid fair to be her best.

With only the river as a dividing line between Illinois and Iowa, anything that agitates the public 33 mind upon one shore is very naturally felt to a greater or less degree upon the other. Therefore it was not strange that the temperance question, which during the spring and early summer was the all-absorbing theme in the latter State, should be somewhat discussed upon the borders of the former. It was with bated breath that temperance men and women in other western states looked forward to the result of the Iowa election, when the prohibitory amendment should be submitted to the people. Iowa became for the time a pivotal State. The friends of temperance in Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and Nebraska but waited the triumph of their cause here to sound the battle cry of prohibition in their own States. While the true and tried ones in Illinois, were looking still farther into the future, to the time when, with prohibition all around her, Illinois would at last wheel nobly into line, and the whole Northwest should become as Maine is to-day, the most temperate country on earth, for it is useless for the enemies of prohibition to claim that it amounts to nothing. Living even under the stringent license law of Illinois for a few months, would convince them of the superiority of prohibition. No Illinois town so small, but it has at least one licensed saloon, which renders drinking respectable and paints a red nose for many a young man. It is a fact patent to any observer, that 5 34 there is much less drunkenness here than there. People sometimes tell us of the vast amount of drunkenness in some of our Maine cities. Do those people suppose for a moment that the condition of things would not be infinitely worse, if, as in the little city of Moline, Illinois, with a population of eleven thousand, there were forty-two licensed saloons ? Chicago boasts of thirty-five hundred

liquor saloons, which are thought to be profitable to the city because, forsooth, they pay an annual license of two hundred thousand dollars; but in the same time they extract from the pockets of the people, without adequate return, the enormous sum of twelve million dollars. Pay the people one dollar, and rob them of sixty! All of this under a license law ! Should it be a matter for surprise that Iowa sought some more effectual method ? The only wonder is, that with her immense German population, her five millions of dollars invested in distilleries, saloons, etc., and her annual liquor traffic of twenty million dollars —just four times the amount of her school taxes of all kinds—it was possible to carry such an amendment at all. And now that by a flaw, intentional or otherwise, in the letter of the law, the whole thing becomes as though it had never been, it is small wonder if those by whose tireless efforts the right was triumphant at the polls, and those in other states 35 who looked forward to a speedy consummation of their own hopes, should almost lose heart. But, though the contest be long, and the enemy powerful,

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again; The eternal years of God are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among his worshipers.

A panic seized distillers, brewers, and liquor sellers in Iowa as the possible triumph of prohibition became apparent, and those upon the border began to make arrangements for moving their business across the river to Illinois. God grant the time may come when their nefarious traffic shall have been crowded, not out of a single State, but out of the entire country, and the waters of our oceans, east and west, shall have washed our shores clean from all stain of intemperance !

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TEN DAYS ON A RAFT-BOAT.

Though our title may sound strange to many eastern cars, we beg no one to fancy for a moment that a raft-boat is some floating monstrosity, half- raft, half something else. The raft-boat of the Mississippi is simply a steamer; how it comes by the other name

will soon appear. The lumber business of the “Father of Waters,” like the river itself, is gigantic. Hundreds of steam-mills, and acres of fragrant lumber piles towering skyward, lie along the banks. The logs which feed these myriad mills are cut in the far-away forests of northern Minnesota and Wisconsin, and are floated down the various tributaries toward the Mississippi. Ere they enter the latter they must be made into immense rafts, in which form they finish their journey. These rafts were formerly floated down with the current, being steered by great oars affixed to each end. This was a very slow and laborious process, which of late years has been almost entirely suspended by the use of steamboats, which guide them much more rapidly to their destination.

Thirty years ago, the mere suggestion that a steamboat could be made to propel a raft safely through the intricate maze of islands and sandbars 37 upon the river, would have been sufficient to brand a man as a lunatic. Now, no day passes while the upper Mississippi is open to navigation, when great rafts of logs may not be seen gliding down the river, backed by steamers, which thus have gained the name of raft-boats. The first raft-boats were small, and destitute of proper accommodations, but these have gradually been supplanted by larger and better boats, until the *ne plus ultra* of comfort and convenience seems now attained.

By the kindness of those in authority it became our privilege to enjoy, for ten ever memorable September days, the hospitality of one of the fastest, daintiest, and every way finest, of these boats : the Lady Grace. This steamer is one of four owned by a large lumber firm of Clinton, Iowa. She was built in 1881, is one hundred and thirty-five feet long by twenty-eight wide, and has accommodations for twenty-four cabin passengers. Like all the river boats, she is flat bottomed, and like most of the raft-boats, is a stern wheeler. Her cabin is dainty and cozy as can be. Painted white, with touches of pale pink and gold, Brussels carpet of quiet design, raw silk draperies, rattan furniture of handsome pattern, long mirror supported by marble slab, walnut tables, and cheerful coal fire on cool mornings and evenings, such is the ladies' cabin which, with only two ladies on board, seems almost 38 like private property. Under the hurricane roof of the aft recess hangs a

hammock where we swing through lazy hours, dreamily watching the beautiful islands or the glorious sunset lights that bathe the bright trees in new brightness and tint the waters till they seem of molten gold.

Despite the attractions of cabin or deck our favorite resort is the pilot-house, the highest point of observation and open on all sides to sight-seeing. Equipped with camp chairs from our staterooms, we daily mount the stairs to the hurricane-deck and thence to the pilot-house where, with books or fancy work as pretext, we sit for hours and gaze at the water with its varying lights and shades ; the islands whose soft maples with their gay liveries seem the advance guard of approaching autumn, and the bluffs which grow higher day by day as we push northward.

We had fancied we might describe some of these grand and lovely views which are painted in unfading colors upon memory's canvas, but our hands are powerless to lift the veil and make them real to one who has never beheld them. Many of the bluffs when seen from a distance present an almost unbroken level of horizon to the eye, and are fertile table-lands stretching for a long distance into the States. It was singular to see corn and wheat fields, houses and hay stacks perched hundreds of feet up in the air.

Under the shadow of some high cliff a little village often nestles by the water's edge, and with its houses clinging to the hillside and its general straggling appearance, it is hard to believe that one of the little Swiss hamlets, with whose pictures we are all so familiar, has not suddenly dropped down before us. This illusion is heightened often- times by the fact that the inhabitants are of foreign birth, and with hearts not fully weaned from the land of their nativity, have built the new world homes with a lingering touch of old world style.

We recall as an example the little Italian town of Genoa, Wisconsin, backed by bluffs five hundred feet high Its only hotel, which might have been the first house ever built in town, and which certainly looks as though it had long since ceased to expect travelers, is

a log house upon the shore, long and low, and bearing across its weather beaten sign, “Travelers' Home.”

The sun rises so late in the little towns below the eastern bluffs and sets so early for those under the western ones that we fancy their days, which are brief at best, must in winter be the epitome of shortness. So many of these little villages are before us as we write, some one distinguishing feature fixing them in our memory. There is Minneiska, Minnesota, whose weather-vane once seen can never be forgotten—an immense wooden fish, 40 evidently of home manufacture, mounted on a tall staff which is planted on the bluff hundreds of feet above the roofs of the houses. Trempealeau, Wisconsin, has an artesian well whose waters rise above the tops of the surrounding trees. Another town has the steeples of its three churches painted blue. Landing one day at Victory, Wisconsin, we find ourselves on historic ground. Here was won the battle of Bad Axe, in the Black Hawk war. The victory is commemorated by a flagstaff one hundred feet in height, which was erected on the high bluff behind the town in 1876.

The bluffs in large part are of limestone formation and are well wooded on their river side, though often very precipitous. Down their steep sides we frequently see a trail that looks like the track of a land slide or of a detached boulder which has swept everything before it; but we soon learn that the wood which is cut near the summit is slid down the face of the bluff to the water's edge for shipping. In some places the rock far up the sides is being quarried for government use. On one of our Wisconsin bluffs a railroad is built from the quarry to the shore, and so steep is its descent that it seems impossible for a loaded car ever to reach the foot in safety. The loaded car going down draws the empty one back each time. An Iowa bluff has a peculiar sand, hard and white, 41 which is shipped to the Rock Island Glass Works, being conveyed down the slope in a long wooden trough.

On some of the bluffs the rocks are columnar or castellated, and such, with their clinging verdure of trees and shrubs, have quite the appearance of ruined and ivy-mantled castles on inaccessible heights. Chimney Rock on the Minnesota shore is specially beautiful in

that way. Queen's Bluff in the same State is the highest on the river, rising seven hundred and twenty-five feet, the last hundred feet or more a perpendicular wall of rock surmounted by trees which, at so great a height, look like mere shrubs. One high bluff bore on its level top a line of large detached rocks stretching inland, which so much resembled small houses that only by the aid of a glass could we distinguish the difference.

Many little log cabins lie along the shore where ever there is room for the clearing of a farm between the hillside and the river; and one day we pass an Indian in a canoe. The farmers along the river ply a brisk trade with passing steamers, bringing out in skiffs provisions of all sorts for sale. We pass islands that are acres in extent and as beautiful as any private park, with their untrodden grass and great variety of trees many of which being overgrown with wild grape vines, are of as compact 6 42 and perfect form as though pruned by the hand of a careful gardener. These islands are not inhabitable, since they are submerged during high water, but in summer they are largely used for pasturage. We remember one night just at sunset to have seen a herd of cows swimming home from one of them.

On a pleasant afternoon as we pass near the shore, our attention is called to a happy company of mud turtles, twelve of them, large and small, that are serenely sunning themselves on a log that lies partly in the water. Although we pass so near that the great waves from our wheel lash their log, and our noise must seem to them terrific, yet only two jump into the water with undignified haste—the remaining ten wink and blink as composedly as though a steamboat were but a brother turtle paddling by.

The crookedness of the channel is partly outlined at night by lights set on prominent points of the shore or on islands. These lights are erected and maintained by the United States government. The little lamp-posts soon become a familiar sight, and we see the lamp-lighter as he rows his skiff up and down the river, night and morning, to care for them. One man has charge of several which are scattered for four miles or more along shore.

Below Prairie du Chien, our friend the pilot points 43 out to us in the distance, and but just discernible through the trees, the fort from which Jeff. Davis, then a young staff-officer, eloped with the daughter of General Taylor the commandant. Stopping for a few moments at La Crosse, the same friend tells us of this, the former home of the notorious “Brick” Pomeroy, and his La Crosse Democrat. The elegant Pomeroy Opera-house still perpetuates his name and fame, while Pomeroy himself is in the far west, and his divorced wife is happily married to a noted Iowa photographer. La Crosse is an enterprising city of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, and boasts electric lights in its principal streets.

Calling at Winona for coal, we have time for a half-hour's stroll about the city, which stands on level ground, inclosed by high bluffs. The streets are wide and regular, the shade trees handsome, and many of the buildings fine, notably those of the High School and State Normal School. The shipments of grain from Winona are second only to those of Chicago and Milwaukee, the shipments of wheat averaging six million bushels yearly.

There are large flour mills here, and on our way down the river we stop near that of the Winona Mill Company, and although it is evening, decide to see for ourselves the inside of a great western flour mill. The building is eight stories in height, and 44 is lighted by electricity. Entering the engine house, where two immense Corliss engines furnish power, we watch with fear and trembling the swift precision of the wonderful machinery, which seems almost alive as its mighty throbs sound in our ears, and the breath of the great fly-wheels fans our faces. Contemplating the terrible possibilities of these monster engines, and wondering if we shall ever get out alive, suddenly the blackness of darkness surrounds us, and our hearts stand still with horror, as we feel that our worst fears are about being realized. Before we can think twice, the light has returned, and we learn that the electricity was cut off by mischievous boys, bent on giving us a scare. With a peep into the boiler- room, which calls to mind the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, we are glad to escape to the open air. Going next to the ground floor of the mill, we take a look at the machinery which makes the “Patent Process” flour, and then go up-stairs to see the

flour put up in barrels and sacks. By this time we have had quite enough of the whir of machinery, and conclude there are too many trap-doors to make evening explorations wholly safe, so leave six stories forever uninvestigated.

Three hundred miles above our starting point, and twelve miles below the mouth of the Chippewa river in Wisconsin, we enter Beef Slough 45 (pronounced sloo), which takes its name from Beef river. The logs from the Chippewa are driven into this slough through a “cut off” which connects the head of the slough with the river. Here are great rafting works where the logs are made into brails, differing in size, but usually about forty feet wide, by five hundred long. Six of these brails form a raft. The slough is narrow, and but half a raft can be taken out at once. These half- rafts are tied to the shore on every hand, and a dozen or more steamers are as busy as our own in “dropping out” their respective rafts. The rafts are secured to the bow of the boat by a system of lines which are regulated by a “nigger engine,” by which the raft is turned this way and that at will.

The water of the river being very low at the time of our trip, it was only possible during the first few days to run half of our raft. So we each day go down as far as possible, tie the raft to the shore in some sheltered spot and at night run back to the other half. This is called “double tripping,” and is tedious for the men in charge, but fine for excursionists, as it gives us abundant time and opportunity to see everything along shore, as every mile of the way is sure to be passed by daylight.

Having left our first half, a day's journey from the slough, we were returning in the evening for the other pieces; the night was foggy, and in low 46 water, the islands, sandbars, and hidden reefs make navigation difficult enough, without the added hindrance of darkness and fog. Only a skillful pilot could carry a boat safely through on such a night, but we find our boat making faster time than usual, and learn that the engineers are crowding her that she may keep good her record as the fastest of the raft-boats, by overtaking the Eclipse, a new boat just out for her second trip. We remember the collisions and explosions on this river of which we have read in times past, as the result of such races. Though our

faithful pilot compels the engineers to run slower than they wish, yet we are gaining upon the Eclipse, and we cannot help wondering what will be the result if we overtake her where the channel is narrow. From our station in the pilot- house we watch the contest with no little anxiety ; now we are close upon her, a few moments more and we have the start by two feet; but as the boats are full fifty feet apart, all danger seems past. We have scarce time to heave a sigh of relief, when the Eclipse, which is next the shore, turns, and attempts to make the middle of the river by cutting across our bow. We cry out in terror, the pilot turns our boat as best he may, and stops her, and with an awful crash their broadsides come together. Since this is our first experience of the kind we may be pardoned if we are paralyzed with 47 fear for a few moments. Finding we do not sink, we soon regain composure sufficient to go down stairs and inquire as to the extent of the damage. The men are excited, and some of them seem hardly less frightened than ourselves. Investigation shows only broken fenders and stanchions, and we are soon on our way once more, hoping, for our own part, that our first race may likewise prove our last, as this is a feature of steamboating not especially funny to a landsman. As we move slowly down the river with our raft, idly happy, drinking in the beauties of sunrise and sunset, and of all that the intervening hours reveal, we pity those unfortunate mortals who make their hundreds of miles per day over the railroad which winds close by the river's bank. With a screech and a rumble, the trains come rushing around the point of some bluff, clinging oftentimes to the very face of a precipice with only the water below, and we wonder if their passengers have any conception of the magnificence of the scenery through which they are hurled at such a rate, and that, too, with only half of it visible at all from the car windows. As it takes but a few hours at night to retrace the path which we have been all day in making with our clumsy raft, the last half of the night we are “laid up,” waiting for daylight to enable us to start our next piece.

48

These quiet nights are often put to good use by the men, who like nothing better than to row away in a skiff to some good fishing ground, set their nets, and, moving off, beat

the water till the fish fly in fear to a still spot, only to find themselves entangled in the net. Morning brings the fishers back, their skiff laden to its utmost capacity, and we go down to the main deck to watch the engineer who is a practical fisherman, sort and dress his spoils. The fish are of all sizes, from the delicious little sun-fish, to the great buffalo-fish, twenty pounds or more in weight. There are black bass and pickerel ; one of the latter full three feet long. The large fish are dexterously skinned, and the thick flakes of white flesh cut from each side, the rest tossed back into the river. Peeling some of the scales from the largest buffalo, we find them an inch and a quarter in diameter, but they are so overlapped that but a small portion of each is visible, and we wonder if spear or shot could ever penetrate such a coat of mail. The buffalo-fish is fine eating; we prefer it to the pickerel. While we are below it might not be amiss to look about us a little. They are cleaning the fish in the boiler- room, where are three steel boilers, twenty-four feet long, forty-two inches in diameter. In this room is the “nigger” which controls the movements of the raft. Here are also the bunks of the “rooster” 49 or roust-abouts, a dozen or twenty of whom work upon the raft. These men seem happy enough, but their life appears to us a hard one oftentimes. The engine-room, light and pleasant and scrupulously clean, is gay with bright paints, wherever paint is admissible on walls or machinery, and is profusely decked with pictures, comic and otherwise. We can hardly believe it is an engine-room at all. There are two engines, a low and a high pressure, with fifteen-inch cylinders and six feet stroke. Here, too, is the “doctor” which supplies the boilers with water. This “doctor” is getting a bit wheezy or something of the sort, and pumps about as much sand as water, which sand has daily to be blown out of the boilers with a noise which makes the boat quiver from stem to stern.

Beyond the engine-room is the dining-room of the “roosters,” hardly as pleasant as our own above stairs, though the food served is the same, and is always plentiful and of good variety. With a peep into the cookhouse, where the fragrant pies are just coming from the oven, we pass the furnace and ascend to the cabin.

After a few days of “double tripping” the channel becomes wide enough for our raft to be coupled ; it is now two hundred and sixty-two feet wide, by five hundred and fifty long, and contains about ten thousand dollars' worth of logs. Not the 7 50 least interesting part of our work is watching it now, it is so immense, and the islands and bars often render the channel so narrow and crooked, that we become at times perfectly sure that one corner of the raft must strike, but with a skill born of years of experience, the pilot brings her safely through. The pilots are commanders on the raft- boats, and their responsibility is great, their work often arduous; but there is a fascination about the river which even a stranger soon feels, and which makes those who work upon it, or even live along its shore, loath to leave it.

At no time did we better appreciate the skill necessary to run the raft, than in passing bridges. The spans were only wide enough to admit half of the raft, and the possibility always seemed imminent that some trick of wind or current might swerve the raft ever so little just as it were about to enter, and cause it to hit the abutment and break. Breathlessly would we watch, it was so long and clumsy a thing to handle, as it wound its slow way into the narrow space which it filled plump full. Many a raft has broken in passing a bridge, and the logs have been lost, but ours goes through unharmed each time. Log rafts are not the only kind upon the river ; sawed lumber is often made up into this form for transportation. Occasionally a raft which has been laid up for a year, may be 51 seen going down the river. Overgrown as such are with grass and weeds several inches in height, one might easily fancy some ambitious island, bent on sight-seeing, to have broken loose and put itself in charge of a steamer for that purpose.

Our homeward journey gives two new memories of La Crosse: one in the evening, as we return for our second piece of raft, the myriad colored lights along the shore, on the numerous boats, and on the bridge, suddenly become part of a wierd picture, by the flashing of a strong electric light across the water to enable steamers to pass the bridge safely. The light seems blue and intense in the surrounding darkness, as it strikes the

water and the opposite shore and brings out in bold relief the tall smoke-stacks of our boat. It is just below the city, of an afternoon, that we encounter a terrific thunder shower. The rain and hail and the vivid flash of the lightning are rendered more appalling by the awful crashing of the thunder, which reverberates from cliff to cliff across the river until the noise is almost deafening. Though we have lived among the mountains all our life, we now realize for the first time, the force they can lend to a thunder storm.

At Dubuque we are permitted an hour's stroll while the bridge is passed. With a population of thirty-two thousand, this is the second city in Iowa 52 in size, and is the center of trade for the great lead-mining region round about. It is built on a terrace and on high bluffs which rise behind. At McGregor, in the same State, is the only pontoon upon our route, and we are interested in watching it swing slowly around upon the water, to give us passage.

Our ten days' journey ends at last, the lines are taken from our raft and coiled for future use, and the Lady Grace, name ever dear to us, is laid up for repairs, having made her last trip for the season of '82.

53

AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

Measured by the almanac, our holiday would speedily be resolved into fourteen distinct days; but since in memory it will forever remain an undivided whole, we shall persist in calling it a holiday, even though the title seem almost a misnomer when we consider that the entire summer had been a succession of “red-letter days.” Yet this of which we wish to write, was a charming change in an every-way-delightful programme, and what constitutes a holiday after all, but pleasant change for a period ? A journey which must needs begin before one o'clock in the morning, has little of a holiday aspect, we allow, but as that is a necessary preliminary, we accept it with all possible grace, and renew our ever-increasing wonder, where and why so many people travel at night ? Trains and stations are always

full; and we ask ourselves if the time may not come when the hurrying crowds who find the day all too brief for their purpose, will have contrived some magic method of bottling surplus sunshine for night use ? For nothing yet invented in the way of artificial light, gives the air of legitimacy to midnight work which sunshine 54 would impart, could it once be kept in store by some enterprising body who deems twenty-four hours none too long for the duties of a day.

Before noon we are embarked on the steamer City of Traverse, which is taking on cargo at her pier in the Chicago river. Lumber-yards, immense grain elevators, shipping of every description constantly coming and going, give an air of business-never- ceasing to our surroundings, which is enhanced by the fussy flurry of tug-boats rushing noisily back and forth. By three P. M. the last box and bale are stored, and we move slowly down the narrow river, towed by one of the frantic little tugs. Many bridges must be passed, and it seems a long time before the river mingles its muddy current with the lake, and we are left to make our own way over the dancing waters. We are certain Lake Michigan's beautiful water cannot owe all its charm to the contrast with the dirty river we have gladly left, though that may have accented somewhat the buoyant surprise and exhilaration with which we first beheld its sparkling brilliancy. So delicately green and perfectly transparent is it, that we cannot wonder at the remark of a friend, that the first sensation it gave her, was a desire to drink the whole lake.

Our boat is a massively built propeller of one thousand and fifty-three tons burden, drawing forty 55 feet of water when laden, and seeming well fitted to withstand the gales which frequently sweep our great lakes with such fury. Her cargo is chiefly building-stone ; thus heavily loaded, her motion is charming, she glides over the water almost without noise or effort, and with only enough pitch to make motion perceptible. Her interior appointments are fine; her staterooms can accommodate one hundred passengers ; and during the summer months she carries, we may safely say, thousands of tourists to the far-famed resorts of Northern Michigan.

To-night, as the sun goes down, clouds cover the sky and we begin to fear we are to lose our anticipated view of the lake by moonlight. There are rifts in the clouds however, and a few enthusiastic souls wrap themselves in overcoats and shawls and wait patiently on deck for at least a glimpse of fair Luna. It is a novel sensation, this, of being for the first time surrounded by sky and water, no land to be seen in the whole broad sweep of the horizon. The lake is seventy or eighty miles in width, and for twelve hours our course lies out of sight of land. Long we sit and watch the foaming track which stretches away into the darkness in the wake of our steamer. There steals into our heart new conceptions of the Infinite One who “holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand.” That that mighty hand is the hand of our loving Father, is 56 a thought which fills the soul with restful, quiet happiness, too soon to be disturbed by a lively discussion which is carried on within earshot by an atheist and a Christian, touching the vital truths of religion. Appealed to for an opinion, we are reluctantly drawn into the discussion and forced to defend our faith, no difficult task, but seemingly a waste of words on one so blind to all things spiritual. Meanwhile, our vigil is rewarded by the sight of a luminous pathway spanning the waters to the very verge of heaven. We see in it a beautiful emblem of the “Lighted Way” revealed from above, and retire to our stateroom marveling that any should choose to walk in darkness. The next morning is bright and beautiful ; the shadows have fled before a flood of sunlight, and we are just wishing for a similar transformation in every darkened heart, when word comes to us that our atheistical friend is weakening, his last words of the previous night being, “That young lady's terribly in earnest, isn't she ? Perhaps she's right, after all.” Thank God there are some things His children may know, even while in the body, without need of guess-work.

All day long the weather is simply perfect, and all on board give themselves up to its enjoyment. Even the little birds which flutter about our decks so fearlessly, twitter and chirp in the glorious 57 October sunshine as if they fully appreciated Nature's smiles. Away on the eastern shore is a life-saving station, which reminds us with a shudder, that sky and air and water are not always the ministers of pleasure they seem to-day, but can, upon

occasion, become swift messengers of doom. Later in the day we pass Sleeping Bear Point, a singular formation of land. The barren looking sand-hills along the shore fail in grandeur as well as beauty, but the lake is sufficient unto itself ; its magnitude dwarfs all its surroundings.

On board we find pleasant companions and some amusing ones as well; among the latter a rural bride whose unique deportment, graphically described by an observer, brings tears of fun to all eyes. Is it indeed the unexpected which always happens? Sometimes we are prone to think so. All summer we had enjoyed the hospitality of a dear friend and often heard the name of another friend of her youth, long lost to sight. That lost friend is our fellow-passenger. We have held delightful converse with her, all unconscious of her identity, but in a rare moment the truth comes to light, and a new and strong bond springs up between us. Every one had reveled in the perfection of the day; to two hearts it is now bathed in new and fadeless beauty as we talk of one so dear to both.

We enter Grand Traverse Bay just at sunset, and 8 58 are nearly three hundred miles north of our starting point; but there are yet thirty miles between us and the friends who await our coming; and it is too dark to see aught save the lights of Traverse City when we steam slowly into port, and end our journey amid joyous greetings.

That the whole Grand Traverse region is one immense summer resort, is little wonder to one who has once breathed its pure air, sailed upon its waters or feasted on its trout and venison. According to a well-known Michigan writer, “Grand Traverse Bay is one of the finest sheets of water in the world. Its shores are heavily fringed with evergreens which are reflected in its clear water with a witchery charming to behold. The water of the bay and of all the streams that flow into it is remarkably pure and cold. In the bay a piece of crockery or any white substance can be distinctly seen at a depth of sixty feet or more. The head of the bay at Traverse City is semicircular in form. From this point northward, thirty miles distant or as far as the eye can reach, there is presented an ever-changing panorama of beauty. The highlands skirting the bay and the islands resting upon its bosom

are clothed with the greenest of forests or, under the care of industrious husbandmen or vine-dressers, abound in well-tilled fields and flourishing vineyards. The Grand Traverse region is wonderfully 59 productive; apples, peaches, pears, grapes and other fruits are raised here in great abundance." The rapid development of this section is largely due to Messrs Hannah, Lay & Co. of Traverse City. Indeed, Hon. Perry Hannah, the senior member of this firm, has been aptly styled "the father of the Grand Traverse country," since "without his great executive ability and acknowledged liberality, the present beauty and wealth of the country would still remain hidden."

Traverse City is a village of three thousand souls; and since the history of Hannah, Lay & Co. is so closely identified with that of the town, the firm demands more than a passing notice. Beginning in a small way in the lumber business in 1850, they have gradually built up an immense trade, and now run two large steam saw mills, a shingle mill, three steamboats and a ninety thousand dollar flour mill, besides their stores and Park Place Hotel, of which more hereafter. The immense amount of lumber which they manufacture is mostly taken to their lumber-yards in Chicago by their largest steamer, the City of Traverse. This boat if snugly packed will carry one million feet of lumber—usual cargo is about seven hundred thousand feet. She makes weekly trips to Chicago and return during the navigable season. The other boats are run on the Traverse City, Petosky & Mackinac daily line, 60 and carry crowds of pleasure seekers to those famous resorts.

To meet the demands of increasing travel, Hannah, Lay & Co. fitted up Park Place Hotel a few years ago. The hotel consists of two large buildings connected by a covered bridge. Under the efficient management of Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Billings, Maine people, by the way, it has gained the reputation of being one of the best houses in the State.

The stores in which we found the company's mercantile business going on, were small wooden buildings which had been erected from time to time, as the business increased. Although all available space in a large number of buildings was used for storing their endless variety of goods, the accommodations were far too small, and one year ago

they began the erection of a magnificent block, two hundred and twelve by one hundred and twelve feet in size, with three stories and basement, and having, virtually, four fronts. It contains a bank and six large stores. The entire building is of the most thorough workmanship, and has every modern convenience, even to electric lights. The outside, which was finished at the time of our visit, is of the finest pressed brick of a rich cream tint. The brick was manufactured for this purpose in town. The entire south front, first floor, is of French plate 61 glass and iron, the plates being from six by twelve to nine by twelve feet in size. The building, now complete, is claimed to be the finest brick block in Michigan. The goods and men, nearly sixty of the latter, have moved “out of the old house into the new” where they hope to still further increase their sales, which last year reached half a million. Could we look through the spacious and elegant rooms we should find Oxford County, and our own town, (Buckfield) honorably represented in the persons of Messrs. C. K. Buck, receiving cashier ; C. B. Atwood, foreman in the boot and shoe store, and H. Cushman, assistant in same.

“The Company,” as they are commonly called, own a large amount of real estate—acres of pine lands, etc. Their weekly pay-roll now consumes some eight thousand dollars—a sum equal to one half of their original business capital. They enter the new building as a corporate body. “The Hannah & Lay Mercantile Company” having a cash capital of three hundred thousand dollars. They will now greatly extend their wholesale business, which is already large. The banking and lumbering are now separate interests, the latter soon to be incorporated with a capital of one million dollars.

Among the other leading business houses we were pleased to notice the prosperous firm of Hamilton 62 & Milliken, dry goods, etc. Both are young men, and from Maine. Mr. Hamilton kindly showed us through their establishment, which is certainly a credit to its proprietors, and through them to the old Pine Tree State, Whose sons, scattered throughout the Union, are doing so much to build up our common country. Traverse City has made rapid strides, and has prospect of continued development for years to come. The new asylum for the insane is to be located here. The State has already appropriated

four hundred thousand dollars for its erection; a beautiful site has been purchased, and preparations for building are going rapidly forward.

The older portion of the town seems very like to a New England village embowered in trees, and rejoices in the appellation of “Saints' Rest.”

The newer parts have all the crudeness of new towns the world over. A stroll through the woods brought a delightful home feeling. Overhead waved the beech and evergreens of Maine, while under foot were the dear little arbutus leaves, partridge vines and checkerberries, which had been the delight of our eyes from childhood, but had never before seemed quite so much like real friends—we had missed them so in our woodland walks in Illinois.

Just a word for Traverse City roads: we were told that their natural depravity was deep, but well directed effort has brought them to the verge of 63 perfection. To appreciate the change which money and labor have wrought upon them, one need drive only a mile or two out of town, and strike the native sand—it would do credit to Sahara's self. But as there are many very delightful drives within the radius of the improvements it is no hardship to confine one's self within that limit upon ordinary occasions.

With hills on the one side (we climbed one of those hills two hundred feet in height, and had a magnificent view of the bay and town) and the beautiful bay on the other; with clear air and pure water, and with society intelligent and refined, Traverse would seem exceptionally desirable as a place of abode. The bay is the pride of the town ; the navies of the world might safely ride at anchor within its encircling shores. Our most charming experience in connection with it was an afternoon in the yacht Nameless. With a pleasant company on board, and professional sailors to man the boat, we had nothing to fear, and everything to enjoy as we sped before the wind with the motion of a bird ; and now we see the town from the bay, and it gives the finishing touch of beauty to the picture spread before us.

Eighteen miles from Traverse City in a north-easterly direction, lies the town of Elk Rapids, insignificant enough in appearance, but stretching 64 unseen, yet powerful, fingers across continents, and controlling the markets of the world in wood alcohol and acetic acid. Here, too, is located one of the best charcoal iron furnaces in the world.

To the inquiring mind of a Yankee, novelties like these present attractions great enough to warrant the surmounting of some obstacles. Therefore we yield unhesitatingly to the invitation of friends to visit said furnace and chemical works, even though assured that old clothes and a reckless indifference to dirt, were essential factors to enjoyment when there. The day chosen for the trip proves fine, and it is a merry carriage load that drives out of town that pleasant autumn morning. Our road lies around East Bay. If we have not mentioned the fact, we ought, that Grand Traverse Bay is divided into east and west arms by a narrow peninsula twenty-five miles in length. Traverse City lies at the head of the west arm. On the peninsula is raised some of the finest fruit in Michigan, and it is our private opinion that the luscious peaches and pears with which we were equipped for this occasion, must have grown on this peninsula—they were certainly of uncommon size and richness.

East Bay is scarcely less beautiful than West; its waters show a charming variation of color, and the fragrance of the pines along the shore renders 65 breathing a conscious pleasure. For much of the way the country has an air of newness, but enterprise and thrift are everywhere apparent.

Some fine farm buildings have supplanted the primitive log houses, but several of the latter may yet be seen. Two of these we shall not soon forget. The first, a little square box of a house, the sides and roof of which were mantled with a heavy growth of woodbine of a deep, dark red, brightened here and there by patches of lighter red and green. With the sunlight falling full upon it, it became a glowing mass of color that would have delighted the soul of a painter. A little farther on we passed a well tilled farm whose log house has an air of permanent comfort. It is much larger than the other house ; vines clamber to its

roof, and in front is a wilderness of tall dahlias of every sort, with other brilliant autumn flowers, a perfect kaleidoscope of gay colors, half concealing the house from view. As we recall its look of contentment we weave for it a little history, this pioneer home, where the parents cleared their farm and reared their little ones, endeared by a thousand hallowed memories. Now that the rough work of life is over, and the children have gone out into the world, the old folks, for they are getting to be old folks, will not build for themselves the new home which they might, but cling fondly to the old, every fiber in 9 66 whose rough logs is eloquent to them of scenes long gone. If the logs in many an early settler's home could but voice the things they have seen and heard, who would not stop and listen?

Arrived at Elk Rapids, we find the hotel par excellence closed for the season, and have no other alternative than to appease our appetites with a late dinner at the only remaining public house, inwardly hoping, meanwhile, that no unkind fate may send us here again. This ordeal past, we sally forth upon our tour of inspection, which leads us first to the large store of Dexter & Noble, the proprietors of the furnace and chemical works.

In the store we find a group of squaws of various ages, and with them a toddling child who persists in hiding her head in the skirts of her elders. It is only by bribing her with a penny, begged for that purpose, that we succeed in getting a peep at her great, scared-looking eyes—eyes that are so intensely black that the pupil is quite undistinguishable. With her tawny skin and stolid expression, the little one proves less pretty than we had fancied. Numbers more of our red-skinned brothers and sisters we saw during the day. As savages they were unsatisfactory; a complexion of a trifle darker shade, and the peculiar contour of face characteristic of their race, were the only marks that distinguished them from their white 67 associates. Had we been blessed with a glimpse of them issuing from their native wigwams, in traditional paint and feathers, we might have better appreciated their personality.

From the store we proceed to the iron works. Before entering here we encase ourselves in rubber garments as a partial protection against smut and dirt. We go first to the crushing-

room. Here immense piles of ore from the Lake Superior mines await manufacture, and here we gaze wonderingly at the ease with which the ponderous machines crush the masses of ore that are constantly poured into their open mouths.

A little to the left of us are the elevators by which the crushed ore, the charcoal and lime, each carefully weighed and rightly proportioned, are carried up several stories high and poured down into the great smelting furnace.

One of our party, more adventurous than the rest, proposes that we go up and look down into that fiery vortex. We demur at first, but he is not to be put off, and has gained the consent of the man who tends the elevators to our going in the charcoal elevator—the other is considered unsafe. Yielding to the wishes of our leader, we take our stand upon what seems but a rickety old trap-door, and, clinging close to each other, and to the car of coal, are drawn up, up, through the darkness, 68 expecting each moment the old rattle-trap will give way and we be hurled unceremoniously back to our starting-point. At last the light begins to reveal our rough surroundings and we are soon at the top, breathing out-door air and looking from a dizzy height to the ground below. But it is not the height that makes one dizzy, after all, it is the terrific roar of that mighty furnace, which from top to bottom is a seething mass of molten iron, belching out flame and smoke. To look into it is out of the question, the heat is too intense for that, so we stand back and watch the man whose duty it is to tend it, as he tilts the charcoal from our car into the terrible abyss, where it is greeted with a roar of delight, and a cloud of sparks mounting in the air. We can easily imagine ourselves upon the edge of a volcano, with an eruption every moment imminent, and Mrs. B—suggests that this would give an old-fashioned preacher a good illustration of the bottomless pit.

At last the empty car is ready to return, and we begin our perilous descent. To the question of our leader, whether we are sorry we came up, we defer the answer until we shall reach the bottom. Once safely down, we are glad to have had the adventure.

Out in the yards are a great number of charcoal kilns, which are kept in constant operation to 69 supply the insatiable maw of the mighty furnace. Of course so many kilns throw off a vast amount of smoke, which until quite recently was considered a waste product. A process, invented, we are told, by Dr. Pierce of Bangor, Maine, now renders this smoke very valuable. It passes from the kilns through large pipes to a condenser, where it is carried in small pipes through cold running water, and is thus condensed to a liquid which runs into a tank. This liquid contains several ingredients, the heaviest of which, settling at once to the bottom in the form of tar, is drawn out in barrels. Thus twenty barrels of tar per day is the first thing obtained from this seemingly worthless smoke. Lime is now added to the remaining liquid and the acetic acid which it contains is thus precipitated, and from eight to nine thousand pounds of acetate of lime are shipped to different parts of the country and converted into acetic acid. The residue is now distilled and produces from six to eight barrels of wood alcohol *per diem.* This alcohol stands test at ninety degrees, and is used, for every purpose for which alcohol can be used, except for medicine, and lately it has even been re-distilled in New York and used medicinally. We were told by a friend that the only other factory in the world where smoke is thus utilized is located at Bangor, but it is on a much smaller scale. Having gone 70 through the chemical works, inhaling all sorts of vapors and getting into all manner of precarious places, we returned once more to the iron furnace to see the blast run off.

Stationed near the foot of the long line of molds, we watch the men as they make ready to open the furnace and let out the molten iron. Soon we see it coming, a river of fire running heavily toward us through the channel prepared for it, and from which the men deftly turn it aside, until row after row of molds is filled. As it nears us we are glad to beat a retreat from its scorching heat, wondering how the men who work over it live. Great ladlefuls of the red-hot liquid are dipped up from the main channel and carried to the workshop for castings. As soon as the iron in the molds begins to stiffen sufficiently, it is covered with the same sand in which it is run, and there remains until cold, when it is taken out in the form of “pigs,” ready for foundry use.

Passing around the building, we see great streams of “slag” which has run off from the furnace. It is of various colors, and sometimes quite beautiful in appearance. Most of it has the look of glass, but we saw one large mass that seemed like nothing else than petrified sea-foam.

Having “done” the works pretty thoroughly, we start for home with faces and hands begrimed and 71 with a generous supply of specimens in the bottom of the carriage. Our homeward drive proves very enjoyable, as indeed the whole day had been.

Like all things, good or bad, our holiday draws near its end, and with regret, but with a rich fund of pleasant memories, we bid adieu to Traverse and the kind friends who have done so much for our enjoyment, and set sail once more on the good steamer City of Traverse, this time in the midst of cloudy weather which lasts throughout the entire trip. The lake is very rough, and we notice at each successive meal the number of passengers who care to come to the table grows beautifully less. Feeling nothing more alarming than a slight dizziness on our own part, we fully appreciate the good things set before us, particularly the corn cake for which the City of Traverse is especially noted—such cake! nearly three inches in thickness, yellow as gold, light as a feather, and yet so short it would scarce bear handling. With the curiosity natural to our sex, we longed and finally determined to ascertain the magic, if magic it be, by which such delicious stuff was compounded. Armed with pencil and paper we invade the lower regions, having been assured that the cook would consider it a compliment to be inquired of, and there found a very polite young man who furnished us with the following directions, which we print for 72 the benefit of adventuresome housekeepers: four cups of Indian meal, two cups flour, seven eggs, one and a half cups sugar, one and a half cups lard, three cups water, four tablespoonfuls Royal Baking Powder. Sift the meal, flour and powder together. Bake in a large dripping-pan.

The rough weather keeps us within sight of the shore. We are thus delayed five hours and reach Chicago to find our train gone and a day of waiting before us.

Everybody in the city, and out of it too, goes to the Exposition, the Centennial in miniature, and so we follow their example. The buildings are permanent, and the Exposition is open during the autumn months. It is located on Michigan Avenue nearly opposite the Leland Hotel, which fronts the lake and is but ten or fifteen minutes' walk from *the* large retail store of Marshall, Field & Co., which everyone knows is the store of Chicago. With our headquarters at the Leland, we devoted the day to the Exposition, only reserving time for a little shopping at the store. Of all the things useful and beautiful in the main building and in the art gallery it would be impossible to write. Such exhibitions have become so common within a few years that one scarce need describe what is there seen, since all the world may see for themselves.

Fated to another night by rail, we accept the 73 situation, and cross the threshold of our Albany home, for such it seems, just as the comet is rising above the eastern horizon.

74

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Alas! how true the familiar adage, “Circumstances alter cases!” In an Eastern village, in the flush of early springtime, with high hopes and bounding heart, we had bestowed our earthly effects within a trunk, new and capacious, dreaming all the while of golden days in store, and assuring our heart, in the midst of farewells, that the parting was but for a few short months—months that should be too full of enjoyment to admit regretful thoughts of friends and scenes behind.

Rapidly, so rapidly have those months come and gone, each leaving fadeless pictures upon Memory's walls, but bringing around no less surely the sad November days and with them the necessity, no longer postponable, of once more packing the self- same effects

into the selfsame trunk, this time in a little Western town. The trunk is old and battered now. It is surprising how soon a trunk takes on an air of experience. Six months ago we had confided in its youthful strength, now it carries scars from many a rough encounter and has withal a general air of decrepitude, and we eye it questioningly before entrusting to its care the well-worn 75 wardrobe, which hints so plainly that we have prolonged our visit quite to the limit of its endurance. The change in season, in trunk and in wardrobe, is in a sense symbolical of the change of feeling with which we once more take up the task of packing.

The joy which the thought of home brings is so counterbalanced by the sorrow of leaving for years or forever the scenes and friends which have become so dear, that the hands move more slowly than in the springtime. With the heart attuned to a minor key, the poet's description of these saddest days of all the year floats ever and anon through the mind, touching a responsive chord

Now the autumn's gold is turned to gray; Earth puts on sackcloth; and from sobbing eaves And bare tree-branches weeping all the day, The raindrops fill upon the quivering leaves. Anon a ray of sunshine streaks the gloom, And the pale skies shed a faint, sickly smile Yet the cold earth, as one smiles o'er a tomb Who tries his will with God's to reconcile, Yet feels that he would call the lost one back Even from Paradise, were it but given The power to follow in the spirit's track, And hold it at the very gates of Heaven,— So sad November blindly sits and grieves O'er the lost beauty of her fallen leaves.

It seems fitting that our last good-byes should be said at midnight and our journey, long and 76 lonely, should begin in darkness. We are too far from home to realize that we are tending toward it, and the pangs of separation from the loved ones we are leaving are yet too fresh to give place to other thoughts, as through tedious hours we go to meet the rising sun, which sheds its welcome light around us as we enter Chicago. An hour or two later we bid adieu to the elegant waiting-rooms of the Union Passenger Station in that city, with increased courage for a fresh start over an untried route. Illinois is soon left

behind us, and all day long we are rushing across Indiana. All night, sleeping or waking, we are borne relentlessly onward over the fertile prairies and past the slumbering towns of Ohio, land of statesmen, name forever linked with that of the immortal Garfield. Small wonder if visions of the White House are this night dancing through the dreams of many an Ohio urchin. It is morning again, but darkness still covers the earth as we pass Alleghany City and Pittsburgh. Surely no other town in Christian America presents so wierd and uncanny an appearance by night as does Pittsburgh with her myriad foundries and blast furnaces grotesquely outlined against the sky. With red lights gleaming from every window and balls and forked tongues of flame surmounting the tall chimneys, but little stretch of the imagination becomes necessary to make the 77 scene infernal. Steaming out of Pittsburgh by daylight, we are soon in the heart of the Alleghanies. To one born among the mountains, a six months' absence from them is quite enough to give zest to the enjoyment of this day, even though its hours be passed in a railroad car. On the whole we are sincerely thankful for the triumph of engineering skill which makes it possible at so little personal inconvenience to enjoy so much. Not otherwise could we have hoped ever to scale those lofty heights and gaze far down into the valleys below or across to other and nobler peaks; or to have followed through all its wayward wanderings the far-famed Juniata which, while it may be disappointing in color and in breadth, is often bewitchingly beautiful, even when stripped of its summer adornments—with them we can readily believe it is the veriest coquette in all this mountain country.

But there are other things to be seen, indeed, to quote from the railroad circular, “It is no new thing to say that the scenery on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad is beautiful and in many places grand. Long sweeps of wooded hills, lofty mountains, dark ravines, picturesque valleys opening into each other, sparkling and placid waters, wide rolling pastoral landscapes follow in rapid succession.”

Among the notable things is the famous Horse Shoe Curve, where the road compasses three sides 78 of a valley which it could not cross. At Cresson Springs we pass the beautiful hotel, a veritable palace in the mountains. While the sun is shining brightly,

the porter lights the lamps, and we plunge into the darkness of Spruce Creek Tunnel for a journey literally through the hills. At the mountain city of Altoona we stop for dinner. Later in the day our path winds through the very garden of Pennsylvania, Lancaster and Chester counties, whose farms are tempting to the eye even in November. At sunset we are crossing the Susquehanna at Harrisburg. Night has fallen again when we reach Philadelphia and we have but glimpses of moonlit vistas as we pass Fairmount Park in leaving.

We are out in the country a few miles, not however beyond the city limits, they tell us, when we are brought to a sudden standstill by red lights ahead. A wrecked freight train blocks the way and we are doomed to three long hours of waiting. One never realizes more fully the exact amount of latent patience in her composition than at such a time as this. Nothing to do through all the long hours but wait, hoping each moment it may be the last, until “hope deferred” and the thought of expectant and anxious friends, so near and yet so far, if it does not make “the heart sick,” at least disturbs the equanimity of the average woman.

79

We have left most of our passengers in the “City of Brotherly Love,” and the few who remain soon exhaust their resources of entertainment and wisely conclude to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will allow. There is a pretense of napping, but we are sure it is only a pretense. The longest three hours of all the year are ended at last, and we are soon crossing New Jersey at a fearful rate of speed. “The wee sma' hours” of a new day are upon us when we reach Jersey City, where ends not only the railroad, but for a time our wanderings.

Could we fly to and from New York without the prosaic necessity of horse cars and ferry, no more charming suburban home could be asked for by reasonable mortal than Jersey City Heights. The air is so delightfully fresh and cool in summer that there is no real need for a change to country or seashore. Moreover, rents are reasonable, the one gain growing

out of the evil of long distances by car or boat. In spite of these tedious rides, hundreds of people find enough of compensation in the breeziness and roominess of the heights to induce them to build, buy or rent homes there. The latter is at present quite the most sensible of the three, since the city is overwhelmed with debt, the result of an attempt, some years ago, to fill the salt marshes in the lower part of the town.

80

Of course one's first Sunday in or near New York, must if possible compass a visit to Plymouth Church. Upon the present occasion such a plan promised more than usual interest, as it was understood that Mr. Beecher would defend his new position in theology. To appreciate the power of the man, one needs to listen while he speaks; his inimitable manner makes his words doubly impressive; his cutting sarcasms are infinitely more cutting as they fall from his own lips than they ever can be upon paper. The colossal egotism of his reasons for the new departure is in a measure overlooked as one listens. Nevertheless any orthodox person must carry away the impression that the great preacher has voluntarily cut loose from many of the moorings of Scripture, and that henceforth for himself or his hearers no other anchor is necessary than that furnished by Mr. Beecher's logic. Though the man be brilliant and his reasoning seem plausible, and though he be sincere and good, still, the majority of thinking men and women will prefer to build upon the solid rock of Divine revelation, rather than on the shifting sand of finite reason.

A sleigh ride seems quite indispensable to the proper observance of Thanksgiving in New England, but they tell us that last Thanksgiving-day was the first for more than forty years when such 81 a luxury has been attainable by New Yorkers, and they made the most of their opportunity. Central Park became a carnival of sleighs with jingling bells and happy occupants.

Halting beneath the shadow of the obelisk on this Thanksgiving morning, there falls upon us a spell too deep for words. The fresh snow, the music of the bells, the merry riders are all forgotten, and we go back thousands of years to the time when human hands

fashioned this strange monument from the unquarried stone, and wrought upon its sides these curious symbols of a long-forgotten tongue. Who may tell the unwritten history of the centuries through which it has lived? We say lived, for it seems almost a sentient being—some priest or king of ancient Heliopolis, condemned to live on in stone forever, an exile, alone and unknown—yet not alone, for in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, close at hand, are rare treasures of art from its own and other lands over which, as a faithful sentinel through summer's heat, and winter's snow by day and by night, it keeps most loving guard.

The generous wisdom and foresight of the founders of the Art Museum can hardly be too highly appreciated. Although the institution is yet in its infancy, nowhere else in America can be found so complete a representation of the arts of all ages and all climes. Thrown open to the public gratuitously 82 upon four days in each week, this museum must inevitably become a great educator. To derive full advantage from it, one should be near enough to make frequent visits possible. Two or three hours at a time spent in studying some one department by aid of its handbook, would enable one in a few months to easily and pleasantly acquire a vast deal of knowledge. With but one day to spare for the whole wonderful collection, one seems at its close to have lived years since morning. It is too much to grasp at once, yet in our greed we are prone to make the attempt. Our plan was to take handbooks of the loan collection of paintings and sculpture and the tapestries, and of the pictures by the old masters and give careful inspection to everything therein catalogued ; then to spend the remainder of the day in looking, without the aid of books, at the other collections. In this way it is possible to see all and yet to have an intelligent idea of much that is seen. The wonderful Cesnola antiquities from Cyprus are here; here too, are Egyptian, Babylonian, Phoenician, Greek, Peruvian, Mexican and Indian relics, besides wonders of workmanship from China, Japan, Rome and many other places. Of books there seems no end to the antique and strange, and we realize the strides which the printer's art has made within a few centuries. “One Thousand Nights and a Night” is here to be 83 seen in the original. A small portion of the work has been read almost the world over under the title of “Arabian Night's Entertainments.” Going back of the time

of book-making, we find ancient Babylonian bank accounts baked upon bits of clay. In the Cesnola collection is a sarcophagus of a king of Cyprus, dating back to 600 B.C. There is also the plaster cast of a monument set up by Sargon, father of Senacherib, in Cyprus to commemorate his victories there in the year 710 B. C. The monument bears the portrait of King Sargon. We never see nor hear the name of Senacherib without an amused recollection of a Western divine who claimed the title of D. D., but who persisted in calling the old Assyrian king “Senna-cherub.” In one of the basement rooms is a veritable “Diogenes' tub.” The cynical old philosopher, bound to mortify the flesh and eschew all the comforts of life, certainly chose his dwelling-place wisely, for one cannot conceive of anything but discomfort in such a home, even though these tubs were often large enough to be used in lieu of cellars, or to serve as a hiding-place for a whole family in an emergency. This tub was an immense stone jar, bulging in the middle and having an opening at the top to admit vegetables, children or philosophers as the case might require.

All this and much more for the curiosity-seeker.

84

The lover of the beautiful meanwhile finds ample scope for observation among paintings, statuary, Venetian and Roman glasses, exquisite specimens of china and other wares, precious stones skillfully engraved, wonderful carvings, laces so delicately wrought that only with the aid of a magnifying glass can their beauty be fully appreciated, the Bryant Vase and other repoussé work in silver—indeed, time and words fail if we attempt to even mention all that the museum already contains. If the plan of its founders can be fully carried out, the institution will be a blessing to all future generations.

How often we thought of the hundreds of little people scattered among the Oxford hills, as we saw the bewildering display of holiday goods in the stores of New York. How their bright eyes would have danced with delight could they have seen the windows at R. H. Macy & Co.&s. In one window were movable scenes from “Mother Goose,” made up of real dolls. There was “Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,” whose wife was such a gad-about

that he put her in a pumpkin shell with her feet thrust through the side like she was in the stocks. The old lady sat there with her bonnet and shawl still on ready for another start, but Peter kept guard over her with the air of a triumphant husband. Scarcely a well-known story from those old melodies 85 that was not here illustrated, while an audience of fashionably dressed dolls within the window looked on at the shifting scenes, and a dense crowd of people, old and young, jostled each other upon the sidewalks in their eagerness to get a good view. Next came the fairy window where the crowd was almost as great, and then the window which held the great ocean steamer loaded with doll passengers “off for Europe.” Farther up town, at Ehrich's store, one might see “Uncle Tom's Cabin” in miniature, the principal events of the story being illustrated by doll-pictures which were continually shifting. “Tiffany's” by electric light at the holiday season, is ablaze with jewels and one lingers over the display of sparkling gems and costly settings, they are so beautiful.

The elevated railroads may seem a nuisance to the people along whose avenues they run, but the question of time, which is the all-important one to New Yorkers, aside, they are a decided improvement upon horse-cars in cold weather. It is such a comfort to find one's self in a warm car, where cold blasts are not rushing savagely through and chilling the very marrow in one's bones.

Some heroism is required to go from Jersey City Heights to New York of a cold evening to attend a lecture, nevertheless we went to Chickering Hall and heard Miss Emily Faithfull, whose efforts in 86 behalf of the working women of England have given her a reputation on both sides of the sea. Colonel Fred. Conkling presided at the meeting, while the bull-dog countenance of “Boss” Kelly, “the man who made Garfield President,” was conspicuous in the parquette. Miss Faithfull's subject was “The Improved Condition of Woman in the Nineteeth Century.” We confess to a little disappointment in the lecture, which she read in a monotonous manner, and which contained nothing with which her audience was not perfectly familiar, unless it be an account of the attention which the Queen had at various times graciously vouchsafed to the lecturer and her work. A

gentleman who had not been present endeavored to console us with the thought that “it's worth something to be able to say you've heard Miss Emily Faithfull.” Perhaps if he had taken the pains which we did to go, he might have found the question “did it pay?” evolving itself from his inner consciousness.

One can accomplish little in the way of sight-seeing in three short weeks of wintry weather, when the fireside seems more attractive than the biting cold of the street car. So the time for folding our tent once more comes ere we are half prepared for it, and it is not without regret at the necessity of leaving so much unseen and of saying our good-byes once again, that we embark on the 87 magnificent City of Worcester, realizing as we steam down North River that at last we are truly “homeward bound.”

It is too cold on deck for a prolonged vigil there, but we tarry till we round the Battery and glide beneath the great Brooklyn bridge, and then the early dusk of the winter evening closes around us and we flee to the light and warmth of the saloon. They call it a rough night on the Sound, but at midnight we reach New London, and after four hours of waiting leave the boat for the cars. By daylight we are in Worcester where another change is necessary. All the forenoon the cars seem to creep slowly through a most uninteresting stretch of country. It is not till we are on the Grand Trunk Road that we begin to look for familiar way-marks, and Oh! how the heart outruns the swiftest railroad train as we draw nearer and ever nearer to the dear old home! With what delight we at length give up our last railroad ticket, and then—what then, but *Home!*

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